

TOC H JOURNAL

Vol. XXX

FEBRUARY, 1952

No. 2

Spring

JANUARY has gone out at last, leaving Orkney littered with the wreckage of men's homes and work, and the sea strewn with flotsam and enriched with the record of the *Flying Enterprise*. Now February Fill-dyke enters and "the winter of our discontent" is not yet over. For several weeks the B.B.C. has been reporting "snow on high ground" and impassable roads in the North. But in the South already Spring has shown her face and held out her lovely promises—the twenty wild flowers in bloom which a lady reported to *The Times* in mid-January, the daffodils in the shops, the crocuses well up in the garden. This is the annual miracle of resurrection, repeated without fail, and yet—so long as we are alive in any real sense—it never fails to take us by surprise and give us new delight.

The eye of faith, backed by men of undoubted common-sense, may see in this rebirth of hope and beauty an allegory of the world's condition. In the slow rhythm of history better times succeed bad. Were they to stay always good that would be, paradoxically but none the less certainly, the death blow to progress, a dull ending to men's dreams of the Kingdom of Heaven. And at this moment, when every item of the 9 o'clock news may seem depressing, let us make bold to believe that cracks are beginning to show in the conflicts—in Korea, in Malaya and Persia and Egypt, in the ding-dong arguments of UNO and the battle for solvency in Britain, which let some light through and promise the return of morning's sanity.

In Toc H we have weathered the storms of war and are much more than wearing out the long winter that has been its aftermath. Can we begin, with a good heart, to greet the Spring?

This Foreword is the work of Sir David Russell, Hon. LL.D. St. Andrew's University, and forms his message to the famous paper mills of Tullis, Russell & Co., Markinch, Fife, last autumn. Deepening the debt which Toc H and All Hallows already owe, I begged him to allow this message to be shared throughout our Family. P.B.C.

The Flight from God

WE ARE REMINDED from time to time that the fight against poverty and want is characteristic of Christianity, and that no other world-religion is so committed to a constant campaign against evil social conditions. How is it then that we of the West, claiming a Christian inheritance, have fallen so far short of that ideal? Max Picard, in his book, *The Flight from God*, gives us the key to the problem. His idea is that the whole of our "civilised" world is in flight—has been in flight for centuries—from reality, from God. Not that anyone realises that he is in flight, but simply that the ways of the world carry us farther and farther away from reality and the ideals of Christian civilisation, and that a very great effort to stay ourselves in the flight is required if we are to escape from being carried along with it to ultimate destruction.

The chain of 'flight'

St. Augustine described how his friend Alypius, having been dragged by force to see a gladiatorial show, forthwith became an ardent *aficionado* (as the bull-fighters say) of a sport whose depraved character he had previously recognised. Picard would say he had been caught up in the 'flight'. A bull-fighting film has been shown—one further link in the chain of 'flight': at present bull-fighting is illegal in this country because of its depraving effect.

Rommel's enthusiasm for Hitler turned, upon realising his ruthlessness and vanity, to doubt, to criticism and finally to open antagonism. This is an instance where a man had sufficient vision to resist the 'flight'.

Again, a German worker in a factory, who fought in the first world war—an average trustful German—came to see, during the second world war, what he called the rottenness of everything. He saw men doing things that, in the first world war, they would have been ashamed of doing and would have

been anxious to forget, doing now without shame and even with pride. He, too, had vision and felt ashamed, as a factory worker, of doing his part in supporting Hitler, and turned from work to sabotage, sacrificing everything to stem the 'flight', which he realised and had too much integrity to take part in.

Could it be said of our countrymen that they are saying and doing light-heartedly to-day things that they would have been ashamed of doing before the war, or thirty or fifty years ago?

Public Opinion

Do we always realise how much our actions depend upon public opinion; how thin and precarious the crust of civilisation is, a crust erected by the personality and the will of the few, and maintained by rules and conventions, preserved by traditional restraints and customs? All of us, except the very young, can remember how in so many ways public opinion has changed in our own time; how different it can be in different countries; how different it can be, too, in the same country in times of peace and in times of war; and how it can be driven to fever heat and become wholly irrational.

It is all-important that there should be an enlightened public opinion. An "informed" public is not enough, unless the information given is true, and "What is truth?" is a question everyone has to ponder for himself. Untold millions have been and are still being spent in propaganda for the purpose of distorting the truth and creating hate, as was done in Hitler's day. All of us have seen how great harm can be done by inflamed public opinion.

'Potential Criminals'

It is the custom in the Library of one of the Colleges in Oxford that all people who wish to consult manuscripts for any length of time shall be locked in the room for security purposes. "The virtuous", we are told, "are not greatly hindered by this. They understand the necessity for it: the criminals are curbed; and the potential criminal is saved from the surprises of a sudden temptation"; and which of us is not to some degree a 'potential criminal', so liable are men to give way to temptations that assault them?

Men may become victims as well as agents of the drift of

public opinion, and do and say things at times that at other times and in other surroundings they would be ashamed of.

Lacking wisdom and lacking the desire to understand the other man's point of view, in our blindness we convince ourselves that a Christian world of peace and plenty can be won without sacrifice, without cutting our primitive and ideological interests. We fail to realize the truth that there is no compromise, and that only by love and creative understanding can we save this country, but the whole world, be saved.

Community and freedom, love and understanding are the essentials of a Christian civilization.

D.R.

Our new Administrator

A VERY BRIEF NOTE in last month's JOURNAL announced the appointment of Ronald Macdonald as the fifth Administrator of Toc H, and some more about him was promised for this month. Here it is.

Just a fortnight before he had down his office at the end of the year Harold Rowe wrote a letter to the staff commending his successor. In this he said:

"The final choice has taken some time, but you would not expect these responsibilities to come to any hasty decision in such a matter. . . .

"No, he is not a member of Toc H. So far from being a Branch or General Member he has frankly never met the Movement, and though he has met several of us with many of us here and in Scotland, he does about as we at present liable to be partially ignorant. . . . You may be disappointed that the Central Executive have gone outside the Movement for their man. We have considered between forty and fifty names, about half of whom were within and half without.

"A new man stepping aboard is likely to rock the boat; but I have always felt that perhaps the post of Administrator can best be filled by the fact that it enables a new mind to be brought to bear at fairly frequent intervals upon a society which should be always changing and adapting itself to new conditions. Just because of its traditions and its post-war development, is it not a good thing for Toc H now to be entrusted to a leader who brings to it a mind that is completely unprejudiced by its past and able to estimate its possibilities for the future? And is not everyone the better for being disturbed from time to time and saved from complacency, the deadliest enemy of creative growth?"

Now a few words about our new leader personally. Just as this number of the JOURNAL goes out to readers he

celebrates his forty-third birthday. He is married, with two young children. When Toc H received its Royal Charter in 1922 he had just entered Eton as a King's Scholar; when he left he was third boy in the School. At King's College, Cambridge, he took a first class in Part I of the Mathematical Tripos and then abandoned the study (but not the practice) of figures for History; he took his final degree with a Double First, in History and in French.

At the same time he had passed well into the Indian Civil Service, in which he was to spend the next sixteen years. We will not give the record of his service in detail but merely mention that in turn he was a judge, a Prime Minister and a Finance Officer (his experience of "revenue-collection, budgeting, accounting and expenditure of the revenue" should show results by the close of our present financial year!). Who can guess what other part of his experience may prove useful with us? For he has had charge of education, public works, police (armed and unarmed), agriculture, surveying, factory inspection, labour disputes conciliation and rationing—not to mention "undertakings ranging from hydro-electricity to handicrafts, and from catching elephants to selling coke".

When the status of India changed and the I.C.S. came to an end, he came home and served under the British Council as Area Officer for Glasgow and West Scotland.

He is a man large of body and of heart. If you want to try conclusions with him you can attempt it in any one of nine European languages or of nine Asiatic. That he has a sense of humour, not peculiarly Scottish, is witnessed by the reply (some of which we quote) which accompanied the unconventional portrait reproduced on the next page:—

You asked for it, so here it is—
Proof of my Photogenesis.

By connoisseurs at Scotland Yard
My profile doubtless would be starred;
A pan so like a pair of brogues
Would cap cops' Galleries of Rogues . . .
The snapshot-shooter by the kerb
Snaps hat on lens, with horrid verb.
At sight of me. The studios
Turn up their guinea-finding nose —
Turn down my guineas. Team and group
Deftly arrange for me to stoop
And hide myself behind the Chair,
The Shield, the flowers or whatsoe'er
Can save their corporate face . . .



Ronald Brandon A.C.F.

From mantel, console, piano-top
I fall, the universal flop,
Till even hardest relatives
Burn positives and negatives.

From all the holocaust redeemed,
Th' enclosed survives, because it seemed
Illogical (to some at least)
To cast out Beauty with the Beast.
The lady on the dexter side
Sheds from the garments of a bride
An aura of forgiveness on
Her sinister companion.
"Sheds she it still?" I hear you say.
Alas, I gave that bride away!

My own wife, loyal as she is,
Makes light of photogenesis.
She keeps my picture in a box
With dusty straps and rust-caked locks.
Veiled in the spider-haunted gloom
Of an untrodden lumber-room;
And loves me still, I like to think.
Above the boiling and the sink.
Amen! We men should mend our lives
To pay the patience of our wives.

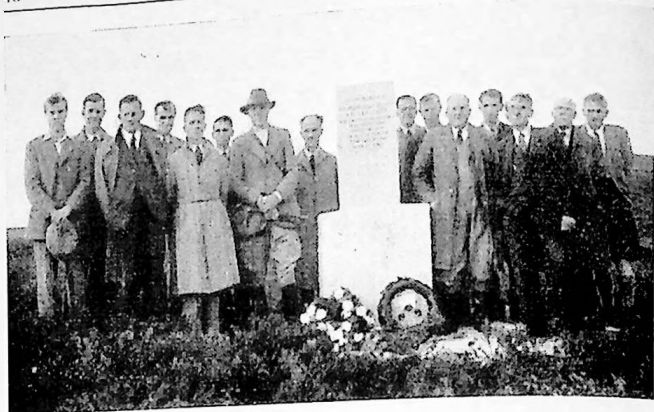
We don't doubt that Ranald has much to teach Toc H—and we to teach him. We are eager to know him and can assure him of a warm Family welcome. B.B.

... We will Remember Them

IN AUGUST, 1941, Flight-Sergeant Tony La Gruta of the R.A.A.F. crashed on Hunt Law in the Lammermuir Hills in the south-east of Scotland about 1,500 feet above sea-level. He lies where he died.

In 1950 Miss M. La Gruta came to Scotland to visit the place where her brother crashed. She was directed to Blythe Farm from where she crossed the wild moorland, guided by Mrs. McDougal, the wife of Captain McDougal, to the lonely wooden cross which marked her brother's resting place.

Captain McDougal felt that there should be a more permanent memorial as the cross was showing signs of the ravages of time. He wrote to the Imperial War Graves Commission who stated they were unable to do anything to an isolated grave. He then raised the matter with the Berwickshire County Council of which he is a member. The



Group at unveiling of memorial to an Australian airman who crashed on the Lammermuirs, erected by members of Duns Branch. (R. Clapperton, Selkirk.)

Council offered to purchase a stone of the standard war graves pattern, but felt that they could not authorise the expenditure of public funds on the cost of erection which would be high owing to the inaccessibility of the site. It was at this point that the Duns Branch of Toc H volunteered to carry out the work of erection.

One Sunday in June a party of our members set out on a reconnaissance accompanied by Captain McDougal. We walked the six miles across the heather from Blythe and examined the site and its approaches. On two other Sundays we set out from Duns at 7 a.m. and were away for a round of the clock. One of our members is a master builder and he was in charge of the operations. Owing to the peaty nature of the subsoil we had to make a large concrete foundation; to prevent the stone from being damaged by sheep we had to set it on a plinth about three feet high. The transport of the stone and the building materials was in the hands of Mr. Logan McDougal and Mr. Robert Runciman, the son of a neighbouring farmer who kindly lent his crawler tractor. They had many difficulties to overcome in crossing open drains and boggy patches—once the trailer bogged down until the top of the tyres was level with the surrounding ground.

Over a hundred people gathered for the unveiling ceremony on Sunday, September 2 and we felt honoured in doing the work which we know has been appreciated.

N.M.L.

MULTUM IN PARVO



❖ THE CENTRAL COUNCIL will hold its annual meeting in London on April 19 and 20. Notices of motion and nominations of candidates for the new Central Executive are required from Councillors by February 15.

❖ NICHOLAS TRAHAIR (South Western Area) has been co-opted to the Central Executive.

❖ 'AT HOME' WEEKS: The Central Executive suggests that more of these should be held by Branches and Districts.

❖ MEN between 25 and 35 wanting a strenuous and worthwhile job are invited to seek it in the whole-time service of Toc H.

❖ All BRANCH MEMBERS and GENERAL MEMBERS should by now have received their membership cards for 1952.

❖ C. SIBLEY ELLIOT, Hon. Australian Secretary (Melbourne), and his wife are now visiting this country.

❖ SUSSEX: The Hon. Area Correspondent is: R. E. Usher, Brooklawn, Roundle Avenue, Felpham, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

❖ LINCOLNSHIRE: Speakers at the Area Rally at Skegness on April 26 and 27: G. J. Morley Jacob and Padre Arthur Howard.

❖ LONDON: An All-London Sports Day will be held in Battersea Park on May 17.

❖ SOUTHAMPTON: The Southern Area Garden Party at Mark V on May 24 will be opened by the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone.

❖ The FESTIVAL cannot be held, as previously announced, during a week-end in Blackpool. It is hoped to hold one in Manchester on a Saturday in June.

❖ The TOC H (WOMEN'S SECTION) FESTIVAL will be held in London on October 25.

❖ THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT: Scotland's turn this year to start the Chain and maintain the Vigil! From Glasgow on December 11 to the west; from New Zealand back to Glasgow on December 12, each in turn at 9 p.m. by local time.

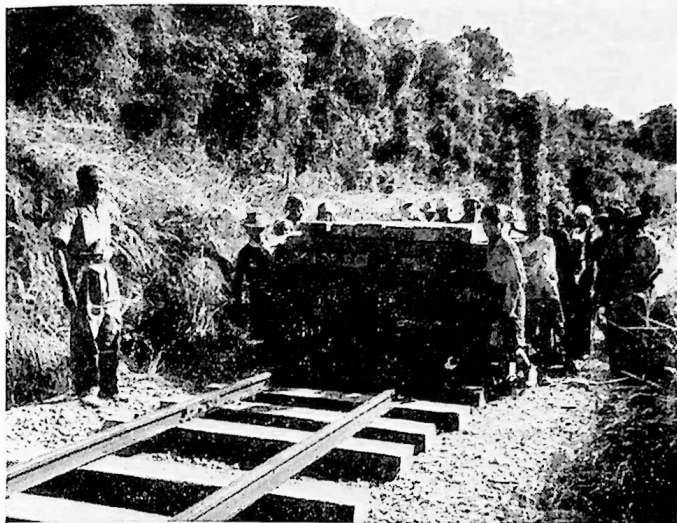


KUALA LUMPUR.

THREE DAYS AGO Dennis Hancock came in unexpectedly: we thought he was still being an effective secretary of Singapore Branch, looking after the Royal Navy in his spare time. His ship had only docked a week previously, but he was already astonished at the airy way in which so many people said "Well, how are things in Malaya?", rather as one might say "Well, how are things in Scotland?". They seemed to remember hearing something about a few bandits somewhere out that way, so they were not completely uninformed. This letter from Jack Steer, a west-country man now working on the railway in Kuala Lumpur, may help to fill the gaps. It is dated November 27.

We returned here early in May, after a very fine trip by B.O.A.C., and after staying a night in Singapore proceeded up here by train, an experience which I don't recommend, although the Malayan Railway is my living. We took up residence in our old house, and our old servants returned to us straight away, having been forewarned by some unknown means of bush telepathy or something that we were returning. Life goes on much the same as ever; the bandits, of course, keep us interested from day to day, and the problem remains extremely serious. We on the railways, after a breathing space of several months, are again catching it in the neck with derailments and shootings-up a more or less daily occurrence. Despite all this we manage to keep things open, and the railway handles a record amount of traffic and also manages to make a profit, which is almost unique for railways anywhere in the world these days.

The killing of Sir Henry Gurney shook us all up rather badly and, of course, was a bitter blow, besides being a big boost to the bandit morale. I had been over the same road during the previous week or so six times, and was planning to spend a week-end at the Gap Rest House when the shooting took place. Needless to say, we thought no more of those arrangements after that—although in all probability that was the safest place in Malaya at the time. Unfortunately all this makes it a bit trying and we are not able to get about as much as we'd like, and if we do go anywhere we have always to be back by dark, which is at seven o'clock all the year round here. I see Arthur Jack from time to time and we are now the only Toc H chaps in the Kuala Lumpur area as far as I know.



Line Reconstruction: Workmen bringing sleepers for relaying track at Bertam, Kelantan, Malaya.

If you know of any National Service boys, either members or friends of members who are out here, don't hesitate to let us know, as even if they are not in the Kuala Lumpur district they generally gravitate here during their stay, and we find that one thing these lads appreciate is to get into a home occasionally.

We are already thinking about Christmas. We have posted our parcels and Christmas cards, and the next thing is to prepare for our local celebrations. At the Club we always give the children quite a good time. This year they are having a tea-party, followed by a *Gilly-gilly* man (conjurer), a cinema show, Christmas tree and Father Christmas. The latter will come down the chimney in the approved manner, a fireplace having been specially built, as, of course, such things are unknown here. The Christmas tree will be a large branch of a causeria tree, which makes a passable substitute. The Christmas spirit is rather hard to conjure up though, due, I suppose, to the different conditions.

Recently we had an epidemic of typhoid locally. This, of course, caused quite an upset, and we all had to have T.A.B. inoculations and take all the usual precautions. Our Chinese house *Amah's* little girl caught it and was very ill for quite a while. We were very fortunate to save her. I had to exert my authority over it, as I discovered that the child's mother had been advised by the priest in the temple to take her away from the white man's hospital. However, I think that the prestige of the hospital has improved because twice

since then I have had to take in emergency cases, once for a scalded child and the other for an abortion! What a life!

ROME.

Whether there will ever be a Branch in Rome is problematical but the small nucleus of members there made rather an occasion of the World Chain of Light in December. An old member of Croydon Branch, C. H. Henderson, now at the Embassy, asked the Chaplain in Rome to say something in church about Toc H and the Chain of Light. This he did on the preceding Sunday. This stirred up interest among some of the congregation, one of whom suggested that they should all meet at his Chaplain's house on the twelfth and observe Light.

About fifteen people were there, including two other Toc H members—Padre Anderson and Miss Flavell—and Henderson told them more about Toc H and then took Light at 9 p.m. The rest of the evening was spent quite informally—sing-song, chat and so forth. All of which is cheering. There is in Rome a fourth old friend of Toc H, Sir Walter Roberts, the Minister Plenipotentiary to the Holy See. In time perhaps we shall hear more of Toc H in Rome.

RIO DE LAGOS.

I am sorry about the printer's error (?) in the above subtitle. It should of course have read "*Rio and Lagos*" not *Rio de Lagos*. There is in fact no such place as *Rio de Lagos*. You can have *Rio de Janeiro* and you can have *Lagos*. But they are both quite different places, though equidistant from each other. However, all that needs saying under this misleading heading is that two new groups have now been recognised, in *Lagos* in *Nigeria* and *Rio de Janeiro* in *Brazil*. This may seem unexciting to highly organised areas overseas, where never an evening passes without an Extension Team or an Imploding Team or a Flying Squid starting a new branch somewhere. But in other parts of the world, where there is quite an evening's stroll (or swim) between one Toc H unit and its neighbour, the advent of a second group in *West Africa* and a second group in *Brazil* is really something to write home about: it's worth a round of biscuits at tea-time. But whereas biscuits with the tea are a pious hope today, Toc H in *Lagos* is a solid reality.

G.M.



BAYES.—On December 16, EDWARD ALEXANDER BAYES, aged 63, the Chairman of Tavistock Branch. Elected 23.7.'28.

BRADFORD.—On December 17, GEOFFREY BRADFORD, aged 46, a member of Langleybury Branch. Elected 1.8.'29.

GIBSON.—On December 14, JOHN HENRY GIBSON ("Gibby"), aged 69, Chairman of Bishop's Castle Branch. Elected 13.2.'48.

GOODWIN.—On December 17, Rev. RALPH JONATHAN GOODWIN, B.A., B.D., aged 69, a member of Central and General Branch. Elected 1.7.'20.

HOCKLEY.—On December 10, JOHN GILBERT HOCKLEY, aged 64, a member of Shipley Branch. Elected 11.5.'51.

LOOKER.—On November 30, SAMUEL GEORGE LOOKER, a member of Shirley (Surrey) Branch. Elected 8.3.'33.

PEARCE.—On December 25, SAMUEL PEARCE, aged 56, a member of Port Isaac Branch. Elected 11.12.'50.

STEVENS.—On December 20, Major FREDERICK WILLIAM STEVENS, aged 74, on Services Staff of Toc H, 1941-46, Leytonstone Branch and Boys' Brigade. Elected 21.2.'27.

STEWART.—In January, in Glasgow, T. B. STEWART, for many years Toc H Commissioner in the Argentine.

SHEPARD.—On December 2, HENRY EDWARD SHEPARD, aged 68, a member of Carisbrooke Branch. Elected 7.1.'44.

THOMPSON.—On December 18, WILLIAM STEWART THOMPSON, aged 40, a member of Kennington (Kent) Branch. Elected 28.2.'39.

In Memoriam : Margaret Howe

On the day that Harold Howe laid down his five-years' work as Administrator—to begin, as we all hoped, a richly-earned retirement with his wife—Mrs. Howe fell ill. Three days later, on January 3, she died peacefully.

MARGARET HOWE was a Quaker; she had the mind full of liberal interests, all the firmness of character and the gentleness which go best with that honoured tradition. Through Harold's long years as headmaster of a mixed boarding-school she was at his side, leaving a mark upon the lives of generations of boys and girls. And during his service in Toc H she came to know, in spite of delicate health, as many of our men and women as possible. They will always remember her with high regard and true affection. And to Harold and his four daughters we all express our most deep sympathy.

Some random recollections and one solid suggestion offering a new slant on an ancient game. Contributed by an indifferent player who spends far too many lunch-hours crouched over a chess-board.

Contact Chess

TWO EMPLOYEES in a large Midlands works were constantly at loggerheads until, by chance, they discovered that both played chess. A series of lunch-hour games followed; their feud was ended and a close friendship developed. At the outbreak of war the two old opponents volunteered and served together on the same Fire Station.

Waiting Move

Inevitably the chequered board made its appearance in their watch-room, and soon a craze for 'cut-throat' chess swept the station. Apart from combating boredom during the long periods of inaction, it also proved of value in steadying nerves during the 'stand-bys' when enemy bombers ranged overhead. As each fire call came through, games were abandoned with alacrity; but in the early hours, when tired and begrimed fire-fighters had returned to the station, there could still be heard fragments of conversation on the lines "If you'd only moved your Bishop . . ."

Opening Gambit

While *The Game and Playe of the Chesse** is not everybody's cup-of-tea, there are many men and not a few women who enjoy playing an anything but 'heavy' game. Some there may be who 'know the moves' but have yet to discover the value of chess in getting alongside people with whom they appear to have little else in common. This point was forcibly demonstrated at a war-time Toc H Services Club on a R.A.F. station in North Africa, where we were one day shaken by the arrival of a draft of some 900 Yugoslavs. They were, of course, welcomed on terms of equality with our own soldiers and airmen but the barrier of language created difficulties—until we discovered that many of them played chess. Thereafter it was a common sight in the evenings to see a row of small tables, each shared by a Yugoslav and a British airman intent on hard-fought but bloodless battle. (It is regretfully

* The second book to be printed in English by William Caxton at Bruges, in 1475, before coming to England and setting up his press at Westminster.



Chess players at a Toc H Services Club in Germany to-day.

acknowledged that the Yugoslavs proved almost overwhelmingly superior in these contests!)

Checkmate

Have you ever felt tongue-tied when meeting a body of youngsters on their own ground? Soon after my return from overseas, Alec Churcher took me one evening to talk to some lads at a Boys' Club. With twenty minutes in hand, I was rash enough to accept a challenge to a 'quick game' from an, apparently, guileless lad of tender years. The game was over in fifteen moves—and the visitor was not the victor—but the ice was certainly broken!

En Passant

A minor difficulty in the way of making chess contacts is that it seems impossible to judge by a fellow's face whether or not he plays. But in any hospital there is almost certain to be one or more patients to whom a game of chess would mean a very great deal. As a variant to the normal round of sick-visiting, even though you may possess only a rudimentary knowledge of the game, why not try it out? When making enquiry, there is little risk of receiving a rebuff for, unless they are very ill, most hospital patients welcome any 'outside' contact which will break the monotony of their enforced inaction. It's *your* move.

F.G.C.

Let's call him 'Sammy'

HE CAME to our Branch in North London to tell us something about his native Nigeria, and we have since learnt a good deal about himself. The eldest son of poor parents in a remote township, he won his way to college, became a teacher and a scoutmaster, and Bishop Vining—now Archbishop of West Africa—was ready to ordain him. But Sammy's ambition was to graduate in England, and then to take a greater part in the education of his fellow-countrymen. So it came to pass that, by painful sacrifice on the part of his parents, by public appeal in his native town, by help from the bishop, the passage money was found.

* * *

England can be very cold. There is no colour bar, of course; not, that is, until a coloured man tries to find work! There was no hope for Sammy unless he *could* find work. Temporary jobs—intensive study—expensive lodgings; influenza—debt—almost despair. Must he admit defeat?

At the bottom of the ebb, the Branch learnt how things stood; a good man, a brave man, a lonely man, needing Toc H. They put their hands into their pockets, and into other people's pockets. They paid the college fees. They bestirred themselves with Labour Exchanges, Employment Agencies, and with all sorts of probable and improbable employers; and they kept Sammy during several long disappointing weeks. Success came at last, and now our friend is working happily, saving for his future fees.

* * *

A Government official in Nigeria was due home for leave. The Chief of Sammy's native place begged him, before he returned to Nigeria, to find Sammy, to see him and talk to him, and so be able to delight the hearts of hundreds who look for his homecoming in three years' time. When this official heard Sammy's story, he ejaculated—"This is spectacular! Who are these Toc H people?"

* * *

"And if I am able, as God willing I shall be, to finish my course in England, and anything I am then able to do to help my country will be the contribution of Toc H . . . to help Africa."—*Sammy*.

EDWIN WARWICK.

In the December JOURNAL readers were invited to compete in telling us, in not more than 250 words, "How I Met Toc H". Two prizes were offered, and here is a report with the winning entries.

'How I met Toc H'

TO REPORT on this competition or to select the winners is not easy. There were fewer entrants than we hoped and five of them disqualified themselves by disregarding the rule about enclosing stamps.

Among the entries there is a surprising variety of circumstances in which the writers first met Toc H. This makes one feel sure that the range could be almost infinitely extended and that some of the best stories have not yet been told.

From the beginning

It is very proper that two competitors should trace their introduction back to Talbot House, Poperinghe, in World War I. One of these casts his memories into the 'olde Englysche' style of *The Book of Artemas*, a forgotten best-seller of those days. The other, wandering round Poperinghe in 1917 ("off-duty time in the Army invariably sends men out in case fatigue-duties arise") struck the Old House, attended a Communion at which he found his curate from home (Harold Hubbard) celebrating and became a keen Foundation member.

Next in precedence comes a member of the old Cavendish Association in 1921, the time when it was incorporated with the infant Toc H. Invited by Barkis to join, he also remembers Tubby quoting John Bright's words: "Link yourselves early with some great cause which has its fight before it . . ." And, though unable now to be very active, he still maintains his "continued and whole-hearted allegiance to Toc H".

Between Wars

There follow, between the wars, a great variety of introductions. In a number of cases it was Church membership or an invitation to a lonely youngster by a Branch padre to a meeting or the impression made by 'Light' and Family Prayers which led to a membership of Toc H. In another it was the story of the Old House told by the A.S.M. of a Scout troop at the camp-fire. One listener there soon became secretary of the nearest Toc H group and now writes: "I have now been

a padre for 17 years and I often wonder how much of my call to this work is due to that conversation in the firelight in a sheltered glade of Babworth Park." In yet another case a member of a Boys' Club was "one of the noises" one night when they were so loud that a passer-by stepped in with the words "Excuse me, but you're just the sort of people we want in Toc H!"—the meeting that followed sealed his fate, he joined our Movement.

The less usual

There is the case of a lad who picked up the JOURNAL at home and later found himself a member of 'Pop's' big family at 'Blighty' (see last month's JOURNAL)—'nuff said. The man who saw a notice of a Toc H meeting in the newspaper and followed it up; the man who was invited to a Guest-night and found a Toc H job after it—such cases cannot be accounted rare. Less usual is the case of a layman working on the staff of a church in the United States—where, he reminds us, "there is a grand mixture of race, background and outlook, such as Toc H delights in", who was taken to a meeting in 1929 in a city where Toc H no longer exists. Or the case of a man who, having just heard of 'Belra', remembered the lepers next morning in his prayers, noticed that he was leaning on a feather bed at the time, sent the feather bed at once to the local Belra secretary—who turned out, not oddly, to be a Toc H member.

In two instances the accident of moving house did the trick. In one the landlord, to his lodger's surprise, gave a welcome hand in the moving in: it turned out to be just the way he expressed "the Toc H spirit", and it took his lodger into the Family. In the other the girl next door held a man's youngest child as he was moving in and, when his first wife died, he married her: she was the sister of one of Tubby's disciples in the Old House, killed in Flanders, and so the link with us was soon made.

Again and again, as it should be, the new member was brought in by the infection of one or other personality. There is the school boy who never forgot Tubby preaching in the School chapel, afterwards worked with him at '42' and eventually took Orders, or the man who heard a one-legged survivor of Ypres talk about the Upper Room.

When it comes to World War II the influence of personalities remains true. There is the young airman on a fighter aerodrome during the Battle of Britain who finds 'home' in

the Cambridge Services Club and dedicates what he writes to "the treasured memory of the late Howard Dunnnett, its first warden". And there is the visitor to our Services Club in Cairo who was strongly influenced by the character of his C.S.M. who took him there—and that C.S.M. is our Commissioner in the Canal Zone today.

Then there are two witnesses who first met Toc H in Prisoner of War camps—one in Germany, where he arrived sick in body and spirit and found immediate welcome by a Toc H fellow-prisoner. To the other P.O.W. (in Italy) we award the first prize—Norman Druce of Croydon Branch. The second prize goes to the "office boy" who was captured by Tubby in All Hallows—"Gobbo" of Southend-on-Sea. Their contributions are printed below, and book-tokens have gone to them, with our congratulations.

CAMPO 65 GROUP

May, 1942, in southern Italy—the weather was improving day by day, but not so the spirits of 1,000 English and Dominion prisoners of war in Campo 65. Every day there were sixteen long, weary hours to be filled. Various diversions were organised; for the most part they died soon after birth. But one really caught on.

It all started one evening in an empty wing of one of the huts—it was just another "Quiz", but somehow the atmosphere was different. The next week there was a talk, followed by discussion. It became known that these evenings were being organised by two fellows who were members of Toc H. Before long one or two others, myself included, began to ask questions.

Thus a group was started, and we met formally each week after the public meeting. A Rushlight was made from materials obtained within the camp. Several of us were initiated into membership; the purist will say this was all wrong, a group has no such power—but there were extenuating circumstances. I still have, and prize, my first Toc H membership card—handwritten on part of a carton which had once contained six ounces of Canadian milk chocolate!

By methods which I do not know in detail nominal rolls were transmitted to Francis Street, and within a week of my returning home in 1945 the then Chairman of Croydon Branch was round to see me—and I have been a member of the Branch ever since.

NORMAN A. DRUCE.

AN OFFICE BOY'S STORY

Office boys undoubtedly faced the financial stringencies of the period following the first world war—I know, because I was one in a City shipping office! Lunches in Lyons on Monday, Tuesday and perhaps Wednesday; sandwiches and a walk to Tower Hill the rest of the week!

I got a bit bored with the tub-thumpers and decided to visit City

A pen-picture of useful service and happiness found in training youngsters. Readers of Kipling's "Jungle Book" will recall that it was Bagheera, the Black Panther, who aided Mowgli in the jungle.

Black Panther purrs

AFTER READING an appeal in the JOURNAL last year for 10,000 volunteers for Scout Leadership written by the Chief Scout, I volunteered. Here is my story, and some of my experiences in my first year of happiness as an Assistant Cub Master. Our pack is a country one in which the boys are drawn from several villages. Their average age is nine, and all told there are seventeen of them.

The Cubmaster, or "Akela", is a scouter of twenty-five years' standing, though we took over the Pack together. What about training? I have been luckier than some, having taken a course at Gillwell Park; but more of that later. Don't forget that in Scout Leadership you are always learning; some new situation, some different idea, crops up every week.

Road Ahead

Our seventeen boys are divided into 'sixes': Red Wolves, Tawny Wolves, and Yellow Wolves. Each six has a 'sixer', and a 'second'. These are boys chosen for their leadership, and because they have reached a high standard of proficiency. What happens on a Pack Night? About 5 p.m. two cubs call for me at my house, and we set out along the country road with a mile walk ahead of us. At cross-roads, we pick up another boy who lives in a cottage in the middle of a field.

We walk in single file on account of the traffic. There is quite a lot to talk about and the time soon passes. We go across a churchyard and see the bright lights of our hut ahead of us. The fire is lit, generally by one of the older cubs who wants to pass a fire-lighting test. Two of the cubs go and fetch a dixie of water to make a brew of cocoa, and either Akela or myself get the primus going.

The evening starts as all Pack Meetings, with the Grand Howl, Subs., Notices and



the Inter-six Totem Competition. There is great rivalry for this, and we maintain a terrific standard for smartness. Then we have an Inter-six Relay Game. In winter time we sometimes divide the pack. One of us takes the seniors, and the other the juniors.

We have one thing that is different from other packs. We run a football team on Saturday mornings. When we haven't got a match, we have great fun playing six-a-side games. When we go away we generally hire a 'bus, and so that we do not lose money on transport, parents, scouts, and big brothers are invited.



Training in Leadership

Now, about my training. Some chaps, I know, plunge into Scout Leadership with a book and learn as they go along. I have taken a week's Cub Wood Badge Course at Gillwell Park. Under the eyes of five expert instructors we were kept moving from early morning till late at night. There were about eighty on the course, from Western Europe, and the Dominions, as well as from the British Isles. We were taught the theory and practice of Cub Scouting, attended lectures on drama, handicraft, cooking, psychology, and also did P.T. and played all kinds of games. We also had to do our own cooking! I passed this part of the training, and when I have completed Part 1, which is theoretical, I hope to be the proud possessor of my Wood Badge.

*

*

*

What is the fascination of being an Assistant Cub Master? Is it the knowledge that you are moulding the young mind to enjoy the fuller life of Scouting, or, perhaps it is the joy, and humility of being an Old Wolf.

The Cub gives in to the Old Wolf.

The Cub does not give in to himself.

There is also another fascination, I think, for what can be more rewarding than spending an evening, or one's spare moments with your cubs; getting to know them and sharing in their joys and also in their difficulties. It is a terribly happy thing to be an Assistant Cub Master.

BAGHEERA.

BRANCH BRIEFS

- ◆ A pantomime written by two members with an all-male cast drawn from MILDENHALL and BECK ROW, drew packed and appreciative audiences.
- ◆ PLYMOUTH have an ambitious plan for eye-witness commentaries of Home Park football matches to be relayed to patients in the local hospitals.
- ◆ With a joint Community Service committee, PETERBOROUGH are interesting themselves in the provision of hot bath facilities for inmates of the local Almsrooms.
- ◆ Presents were distributed to the forty elderly folk attending NETHERAVON'S fourth annual Old Folk's Party, and gifts were also reserved for those absent through sickness.
- ◆ Congratulations to TRELAWNEY (St. Austell) on their acquiring a disused bakery for conversion into a Branch meeting place.
- ◆ When TUNBRIDGE WELLS went carolling in the dark, one member espied an opening and ventured along. An opening it certainly was. *(His friends then proceeded to haul him out of the trench, newly-dug by the Gas Company!)*
- ◆ 'Coffee Mornings' held monthly by MIDDLESBROUGH in their Corporation Road rooms, aim at attracting new friends and publicising Branch activities.
- ◆ Delayed by dense fog recently, MILL HILL Film Unit arrived at Barnet Hospital in time to give only one show. Abandoning their cinema van and walking home in the early hours, they returned the following evening and completed the programme.
- ◆ Carol singing on four evenings at Victoria Station, the TOC H MALE VOICE CHOIR raised £116 for the National Children's Home.
- ◆ Returning from Korea, Sergeant Arthur Hobbs, a REDDITCH member, has opened a home-front campaign for the collection of games, books and jigsaw puzzles with which he will bombard his old comrades still serving there. His address is: 10 Izods Yard, Redditch, Worcs.

Arts and Crafts at Holbeck

EVERYTHING STARTED in September last year at the District Team meeting, when someone suggested an exhibition to make Toc H better known in Leeds. Being Toc H of course, it was discussed from all sides and many suggestions died as soon as they were uttered. We got round eventually to the fact that if we had an exhibition it should be a Branch job and not a District one, although the District would be prepared to back any Branch deciding to 'have-a-go'. Then our Secretary stuck his neck out "Yes, Holbeck Branch would have a shot at it, and would make it an ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION"; and so it started.

The following Branch meeting night, the news was passed on to the members. Our Secretary reported that he had already contacted some of the schools in our district and that a very favourable impression had been created. Many ideas were bandied to and fro, some good, some fantastic, but it was good to see enthusiasm rising. After much pioneer work, and various committee meetings, we began to make headway. The date, December 8, was fixed and room booked in the local school.

Entries and Items

We then worked out what entries were to be invited—penmanship, painting, modelmaking, knitting, embroidery—in three age groups with free entry for children; model-making, knitting, embroidery and miniature garden for the adults with a shilling entry fee. To save expenses, bills were painted and given out to shops to display. Judges for the various classes, someone to open the show, and many little things like that kept cropping up. We had to arrange to collect the entry forms and exhibits, the entries had to be sorted, after which a programme was built up. We decided to use the programme as the means of admission to save expense in tickets.

Then a set-back: we could not have the schoolroom on the night previous to the Exhibition. That meant we had to arrange and build our stands on the Saturday morning.

By the middle of November things were definitely taking shape. To supplement the exhibition, and to give further

interest, we were loaned various curios and actual working models of railway locomotives, motor boats, yachts, and, of course, we had a Toc H Stand. Tea and biscuits would be on sale, and a leathercraft stall, purses, wallets, etc., made by an ex-Service man.

Building the Show

Then the day arrived, and we certainly overrated our carrying powers, as covered with parcels and cases we left our Secretary's home, and walked to the schoolroom. We dare not ride, we could not have picked up all our pieces again! Then we started work, and no breaks for tea. Exhibits were displayed and put in order; curios and models shared out round the room, the police arrived with a 'Safety First' stand, the local newspaper photographers arrived, then the judges popped in, then it started raining. The show began to grow, it looked good, we built up our Toc H stand with the Lamp, Banner, Shield and some informative posters, and a really brave display was achieved.

Zero Hour

2.15 p.m., opening time, a few are stood outside waiting, and are very pleased to be let in. The crowd so much wanted, is very slow to grow, just a trickle. It's 2.45 p.m., quite a nice number now, children, adults and a fair number of Toc H members. Dr. Waters, our Opener, moves to the stage, and performs the opening ceremony. We find that Dr. Waters knew and visited Toc H in Italy during the war, and he felt that he was repaying a little of what Toc H had done for him. Everyone then moved round to view the exhibits, and many expressions of appreciation were heard of the children's work. Toc H, too, received its share of praise for the show put on, and quite a few questions were asked about the Movement. Later, prizes were presented to the successful exhibitors, and a Mock Auction held of a few items. Then to the tea-room where members of Toc H (Women's Section) had a lovely cup of tea waiting: this was in great demand and certainly welcome. It began to quieten now, and with many expressions of thanks our visitors left us, and so we began to take down what we had so carefully built up, but we felt the job had been well done and worth doing. Shall we have another go next year? Who knows?

E.J.



LOOKING AT PICTURES

The Artist at Work. By H. Ruhemann and E. M. Kemp (Penguin, 8s. 6d.).

Nowadays, thanks in large measure to the rich treasury of gramophone recordings and the daily relays of the B.B.C., millions of listeners have learnt to recognise good music and to love it. Many of them have acquired some idea of how music is composed and, having seen a symphony orchestra in action, know how the tools of the trade are taken in hand to produce the most delicate effects or the most tremendous climaxes. Fewer people *look* at pictures—though plenty glance at them—and far fewer see them enquiringly and with real comprehension of what the artist is trying to do and how he does it.

Painting, like music, has a history longer than recorded history itself. And a little knowledge of this history is an indispensable key to understanding pictures better. They depend, for instance, so much on patronage—who commissioned the artist and paid for his work and why. The pre-historic hunter, we may guess, got a fellow-tribesman to paint that buffalo on the wall of his cave as a mascot for better hunting; the second-century Greek had a portrait of his wife on her mummy-wrappings to keep the memory of her face fresh in mind. In the thirteenth century an Italian might paint a Madonna to be carried through the streets in procession on a festival; in the fourteenth he might cover the walls of a chapel with Biblical scenes—a picture-book for people who couldn't read; in the fifteenth he might paint a little sacred picture for a modest church or a large naked Venus for a rich banker; in the sixteenth a grandiose altarpiece for a cathedral or an acre of figure composition for the glory of the Pope rather than of God; in the seventeenth he might decorate a vast ceiling in a prince's palace. In fifteenth century Flanders an exquisite little painting might be wanted for a private chapel; in sixteenth century Holland

a bowl of flowers or a tavern scene for a merchant's house; in eighteenth century France a large expanse of battle field or of rosy nymphs to suit the King's taste. And the Georgian Englishman would want splendid family portraits, the Regency one pictures of horse and hound, the Victorian big landscapes for the dining-room and little water colours for the drawing-room. And who is the patron today? If enough families want portraits the painter may make a respectable living; if he paints as he feels and hopes to sell he is likely to go hungry. Tomorrow perhaps the State will commission him—and if it imposes the same conditions as Nazi-Germany and contemporary Russia it may kill live painting stone dead.

Most artists can't help themselves: they must produce what earns them a living. And much of the time what the patron looks for is not what interests them most. The public may like to recognise a child playing with a kitten or King Charles going to execution or its favourite 'bit' of Lakeland, but the true artist is concerned much more about the play of light and shade, the 'movement' of curves and masses in his composition, the problems of tone and space, the way in which the pigments are applied to his canvas with brush or palette knife. If he has any real 'vision' he is trying to translate it out of three dimensions into two and to set it down in a 'key' which is bound to be far more limited than Nature's. He is not merely copying what his eyes see but expressing what his mind can master; he is a creator in his own right. In all ages, and especially in our own revolutionary time, this often leads to a result which the onlooker cannot easily understand, and so he turns away with a shrug and an exclamation of 'distortion!'. The pioneer in painting, as in music, sometimes has to be dead for years before he comes into his own.

This difficult and unfamiliar field the present book, a *Penguin* in the large format of the *Puffin* books, attempts gallantly to cover in seventy pages. Most of the space is taken up by pictures, both black and white and in colour, beautifully, in some case superlatively, reproduced.

An appendix on 'misconceptions' is specially valuable: it deals neatly with such propositions as '(a) That the subject matter does not matter' or '(b) That a picture that tells a story is necessarily bad'.

It appears to be aimed at the 'middlebrows'—and that

means, let us hope, a great many of us. To use the familiar B.B.C.'s classification of the public, 'third programme' people will find it elementary and 'light programme' devotees too technical. In this sense it may be said to fall between two stools, but that is what so many of us are accustomed to doing. Let us rather say that almost everyone who studies this book with attention will find that it unlocks secrets and enhances his pleasure the next time he looks (not glances) at a painting or visits a picture gallery.

B.B.

'I WAS IN PRISON'

Report of the Council of the Central After-Care Association, 1949 and 1950. (H.M. Stationery Office).

If its title looks forbidding, this short Report should not only be read by every Toc H member visiting a Prison or Borstal Institution but by anyone who is trying to help men and boys who have been, or are likely to be, in 'trouble'. They will not find our Movement mentioned in it but they will not be surprised to see Hubert Secretan's name as a member of the executive committee or to learn that Frank Foster, Director of Borstal After-Care, is a member of ours. And though his name is no longer printed, they will feel the spirit of Alec Paterson alive in every page. For behind a façade of official style and statistics there are the hopes or failures, the humour and the tragedy of individual men and women, described with human touches by their true friends. It is a record of redemptive work, unremitting and sometimes unrewarding ("the field-worker must never let go"), by officials and voluntary 'associates' alike.

B.B.

STORE OF GREAT WEALTH

A Treasury of Prayers & Praises (Toc H, 2s. 6d.)

Among the many and varied publications which our movement has brought into being, this rich anthology of prayers and inspired verse occupies an important position. Planned for both individual and corporate use, its value has been endorsed over and over again by many members. First published for the 1924 Birthday Festival it has since been revised and printed no less than six times and the gap caused through its being 'out-of-print' is now happily filled.

C.

Frank Talks—III

No. 3. HOME-GOING PRAYERS

WILL you take Light for us, Jack? "Yes, I don't mind, Frank." "And what about home-going prayers—will you lead us?" . . . "What! *Me*? No thanks—not in my line, old boy."

Week by week, that whispered conversation took place between myself and most, in turn, of the twenty-four gentlemen of Toc H who had been barmy enough to elect me as chairman for a period not exceeding twelve months.

So, week after week, we fell back on two members who extemporise prayers with the verbosity and volubility which comes from long practice as lay-preachers.

A third bloke made a gallant effort and got stuck for words like a kid of six talking to his old man. Yes, that's it—just like a child talking to his father. Does father complain that his lad cannot roll off poetic phrases? No! He likes to hear his boyish words and is ready to guess what the lad is trying to say.

"Except ye become as little children," said Christ, "ye shall in no-wise enter. . . ." So, why be afraid to talk to Him in front of our fellow members of Toc H? If, in all sincerity, the Branch want to talk to Him for a few minutes before breaking up, any member should be ready to lead their thoughts whilst the rest offer their silent prayers.

Must it be left to a padre? In our Branch we have'nt one. Of course, that does not mean no padre, no prayers—we can always fall back on the Toc H prayer. Grand words, which we can rattle off by heart and thus save the effort of thinking. But Christ said, "Use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do," and the prayer is often repeated like an old gramophone record playing with a scratchy needle.

If we acknowledge Him as "Our Father" and as the unseen Leader of the Branch, surely any one of us can talk to Him on our behalf when He attends our Branch meeting? Never mind what the other bloke thinks of our ungrammatical diction—Christ judges by what is in our hearts, not by what comes out of the mouth . . . and *He's* the one who counts!

FRANK R. FIGG.



Open HUSTINGS

The Editor welcomes letters on all matters concerning Toc H. For reasons of space the right is reserved to shorten letters received, but every effort is made to print a representative selection.

What is Toc H?

DEAR EDITOR,

"Frank Talks—II. What is Toc H?" in the November issue of the JOURNAL seemed to me almost incredible. Are there people who "chuckle and guffaw" and cannot answer "straight"? And if so, may I tell them how to answer this particular question.

I say: "We are a group of people, all over the world, of every race and colour, who want to be friends, and friends-in-need to any and every one."

I do not claim that this is either eloquent or elegant, but it does give a flying start towards the full explanation of the Organisation and an invitation to a Branch Meeting.

TED LATCHFORD.

Hemel Hempstead.

DEAR EDITOR,

What is Toc H? We thought you might be interested in a reply formulated by members of our Branch.

Toc H is a small, loosely-knit Movement, with Branches all over the country and in many parts of the world.

Its members—it has both Men's and Women's Units—meet to

discuss problems and to learn about the world and each other, going out to help others and basing their lives on the Teachings of Christ.

It is not "ex-Service", it is an organisation to which anyone may belong, and, being tied to no denomination, implements Church life and does not supplant existing Churches.

It aims eventually to Christianise the whole of life by practical application of Christ's Teaching to ordinary life.

East Ham Branch. E. C. NOBLE.

On Probation

DEAR EDITOR,

Is it not time we abolished the Probation Period in Toc H? This idea may have been useful in the early days of the Movement, when the average age of new members was considerably lower. Nowadays, generally speaking the average age of men joining is thirty-five or over, and such men are of reasonably mature judgement, mostly married, and have a sense of responsibility. To ask them to undergo a period of probation-ship seems to me not only ludicrous but an insult to their intelligence.

A man coming new to the Movement should, at the very beginning, be provided with suitable literature fully settling out the aims and objects of Toc H. If after two or three meetings such a man, having read and understood our aims, expresses a wish to become a member he should be admitted forthwith. Probationship? No! It smacks too much to my mind of hospital nurses or criminals on good behaviour, and in this present era serves no useful purpose in Toc H.

W. J. BAILEY.

East Sheen, W.14.

A Money Spinner

DEAR EDITOR,

It all began when Janet, aged seven, came home with a shilling from Sunday School to work for restoration of the church tower. She used her talents, worked hard, sold what she had made fairly, and very soon the shilling had grown to eight and eightpence three-farthings. Here, I thought, as Divisional Treasurer, was just the scheme for Toc H.

The idea met with some considerable opposition, but a loan of £20 was forthcoming, the Divisional Executive backed the scheme in full, and 40 per cent. of the membership agreed to take a "talent" of five shillings and work on it for six months—April till October.

Fifteen pounds was lent in this way. Five pounds of the twenty was buried talent, and returned to the lender. I wish you could see

the letters showing how the talents were used! Several chaps engaged in woodwork; many in market gardening; some sold apples; one fellow bought cartridges and shot rabbits, selling them at two shillings each; another bloke reared chickens, someone grew lettuces, and another cabbages; each man to his talents.

And the result? Most pleasing. After the £15 was repaid, a net profit of £23 17s. 9d. was handed to the Family Purse. It was good fun, and I hope Jack Harrison was pleased.

Hon. Treasurer, JOHN FRENCH,
Constable Division.

In Camera

DEAR EDITOR,

Within the ranks of Toc H there must be many members who are keen photographers, either amateur or professional.

Several of them have suggested that by forming a Postal Portfolio members in various Branches throughout the country could be brought together through this medium.

Anyone interested is asked to contact the undersigned for more information.

KENNETH WALKER,
20, Merton Road,
Enfield, Middx.

[We are very interested in this suggestion and hope that it will lead to more pictures showing Toc H 'in action'.—ED.]